

trips, Father du Ranquet lost his bearings in a fog on Lake Superior. He was out of sight of land, and wandered aimlessly about for three days, in his canoe, with nothing to eat. He gave himself up for lost, and was preparing for the worst, when a wild bird came and perched on his canoe. The starving missionary killed it with his paddle, and ate it raw, thus sustaining his life and strength until he was rescued.

Father du Ranquet had a remarkable ascendancy over the Ojibways. He spoke their language perfectly, and had from the beginning of his career among them identified himself with the tribe under the name which they had officially given him, of "Waiasseshkang" (one who enlightens.) Except during the closing years of his life, when the infirmities of his old age did not allow him to take long journeys, he was always on the move in bark canoes or on snow-shoes, with scanty luggage and a portable altar on his back, visiting the various bands of the tribe. After a long and hidden apostleship, and unprecedented hardships and sufferings, amongst them, the old missionary gave up his soul to his Maker, December 12th, having completed a career probably unique in modern missionary annals.

Below will be seen all that now remains of our once beautiful Church.

